WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE"

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THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

"Thy ſweet reviving ſmiles might cheer deſpair,
On the pale lips detain the parting breath,
And bid hope bloſſom in the ſhades of death."

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE night was dark—the wind blew keenly over the frozen and rugged heath, when Agnes, preſſing her moaning child to her boſom, was travelling on foot to her father's habitation.

"Would to God I had never left it!" ſhe exclaimed, as home and all its enjoyments roſe in fancy to her view:——And I think my readers will be ready to join in the exclamation, when they hear the poor wanderer's hiſtory.

AGNES FITZHENRY was the only child of a reſpectable merchant in a country town, who, having loſt his wife when his daughter was very young, reſolved for her ſake to form no ſecond connection. To the ſteady, manly affection of a father, Fitzhenry joined the fond anxieties and endearing attentions of a mother; and his parental care was amply repaid by the love and amiable qualities of Agnes. He was not rich, yet the profits of his trade were ſuch as to enable him to beſtow every poſſible expenſe on his daughter's education, and to lay up a conſiderable ſum yearly for her future ſupport: whatever elſe he could ſpare from his own abſolute wants, he expended in procuring comforts and pleaſures for her.—— "What an excellent father that man is!" was the frequent exclamation among his acquaintance—"and what an excellent child he has! well may he be proud of her," was as commonly the anſwer to it. Nor was this to be wondered at:—Agnes united to extreme beauty of face and perſon every accompliſhment that belongs to her own ſex, and a great degree of that ſtrength of mind and capacity for acquiring knowledge ſuppoſed to belong excluſively to the other.

For this combination of rare qualities Agnes was admired;—for her ſweetneſs of temper, her willingneſs to oblige, her ſeeming unconſciouſneſs of her own merits, and her readineſs to commend the merits of others,—for theſe ſtill rarer qualities Agnes was beloved: and ſhe ſeldom formed an acquaintance without at the ſame time ſecuring a friend.

But ſhort was thy triumph, ſweet Agnes! and long was thy affliction!

Her father thought he loved her (and perhaps he was right) as never father loved a child before; and Agnes thought ſhe loved him as a child never before loved a father.—"I will not marry, but live ſingle for my father's ſake," ſhe often ſaid;—but ſhe altered her determination when her heart, hitherto unmoved by the addreſſes of the other ſex, was aſſailed by an officer in the Guards who came to recruit in the town in which ſhe reſided.

Clifford, as I ſhall call him, had not only a fine figure and a graceful addreſs, but talents rare and various, and powers of converſation ſo faſcinating, that the woman he had betrayed forgot her wrongs in his preſence; and the creditor, who came to dun him for the payment of debts already incurred, went away eager to oblige him by letting him incur ſtill more.—Fatal perverſion of uncommon abilities! This man, who might have taught a nation to look up to him as its beſt pride in proſperity, and its beſt hope in adverſity, made no other uſe of his talents than to betray the unwary of both ſexes, the one to ſhame, the other to pecuniary difficulties; and he whoſe mind was capacious enough to have imagined ſchemes to aggrandize his native country, the ſlave of ſordid ſelfiſhneſs, never looked beyond his own temporary and petty benefit, and ſat down contented with the atchievements of the day, if he had overreached a credulous tradeſman, or beguiled an unſuſpecting woman.

But to accompliſh even theſe paltry triumphs, great knowledge of the human heart was neceſſary—a power of diſcovering the prevailing foible in thoſe on whom he had deſigns, and of converting their imagined ſecurity into their real danger. He ſoon diſcovered that Agnes, who was rather inclined to doubt her poſſeſſing in an uncommon degree the good qualities which ſhe really had, valued herſelf, with not unuſual blindneſs, on thoſe which ſhe had not. She thought herſelf endowed with great power to read the characters of thoſe with whom ſhe aſſociated, when ſhe had even not diſcrimination enough to underſtand her own: And, while ſhe imagined it was not in the power of others to deceive her, ſhe was conſtantly in the habit of deceiving herſelf.

Clifford was not ſlow to avail himſelf of this weakneſs in his intended victim; and, while he taught her to believe none of his faults had eſcaped her obſervation, with her's he had made himſelf thoroughly acquainted. But not content with making her faults ſubſervient to his views, he preſſed her virtues alſo into his ſervice: and her affection for her father, that ſtrong hold, ſecure in which, Agnes would have defied the moſt violent aſſaults of temptation, he contrived ſhould be the means of her defeat.

I have been thus minute in detailing the various and ſeducing powers which Clifford poſſeſſed, not becauſe he will be a principle figure in my narrative, for, on the contrary, the chief characters in it are the father and daughter, but in order to excuſe as much as poſſible the ſtrong attachment he excited in Agnes.

It has been remarked by a female writer of celebrity, that—"Love, however rated by many as the chief paſſion of the heart, is but a poor dependant, a retainer on the other paſſions—admiration, gratitude, reſpect, eſteem, pride in the object;—diveſt the boaſted ſenſation of theſe, and it is no more than the impreſſion of a twelvemonth, by courteſy, or vulgar error, called love."—And of all theſe ingredients was the paſſion of Agnes compoſed. For the graceful perſon and manner of Clifford ſhe felt admiration, and her gratitude was excited by her obſerving that, while he was an object of attention to every one wherever he appeared, his attentions were excluſively directed to herſelf; and that he who, from his rank and accompliſhments, might have laid claim to the hearts even of the brighteſt daughters of faſhion, in the gayeſt ſcenes of the metropolis, ſeemed to have no higher ambition than to appear amiable in the eyes of Agnes, the humble toaſt of an obſcure country town; while his ſuperiority of underſtanding, and brilliancy of talents, called forth her reſpect, and his apparent virtues her eſteem; and when to this high idea of the qualities of the man, was added a knowledge of his high birth and great expectations, it is no wonder that ſhe alſo felt the laſt mentioned, and often perhaps the greateſt, excitement to love, "pride in the object."

When Clifford began to pay thoſe marked attentions to Agnes, which ought always, on due encouragement from the woman to whom they are addreſſed, to be followed by an offer of marriage, he contrived to make himſelf as much diſliked by the father, as admired by the daughter; yet his management was ſo artful, that Fitzhenry could not give a ſufficient reaſon for his diſlike; he could only declare its exiſtence; and, for the firſt time in her life, Agnes learned to think her father unjuſt and capricious. Thus, while Clifford enſured an acceptance of his addreſſes from Agnes, he at the ſame time ſecured a rejection of them from Fitzhenry; and this was the object of his wiſhes, as he had a decided averſion to marriage, and knew beſides that marrying Agnes would diſappoint all his ambitious proſpects in life, and bring on him the eternal diſpleaſure of his father.

At length, after playing for ſome time with her hopes and fears, Clifford requeſted Fitzhenry to ſanction with his approbation his addreſſes to his daughter; and Fitzhenry, as he expected, coldly and firmly declined the honor of his alliance. But when Clifford mentioned, as if unguardedly, that he hoped to prevail on his father to approve the marriage after it had taken place, if not before, Fitzhenry proudly told him he thought his daughter much too good to be ſmuggled into the family of any one; while Clifford, piqued in his turn at the warmth of Fitzhenry's expreſſions, and the dignity of his manner, left him, exulting ſecretly in the conſciouſneſs that he had his revenge—for he knew the heart of Agnes was irrecoverably his.

Agnes heard from her lover that his ſuit was rejected, with agonies as violent as he appeared to feel. "What!" exclaimed ſhe, "can that affectionate father, who has till now anticipated my wiſhes, diſappoint me in the wiſh deareſt to my heart?" In the midſt of her firſt agitation her father entered the room, and, with "a countenance more in ſorrow than in anger," began to expoſtulate with her on the impropriety of the connection which ſhe was deſirous of forming. He repreſented to her the very ſlender income Clifford poſſeſſed—the inconvenience to which an officer's wife is expoſed, and the little chance there is for a man's making a conſtant and domeſtic huſband who has been brought up in an idle profeſſion, and accuſtomed to habits of intemperance, expence, and irregularity:——

"But, above all," ſaid he, "how is it poſſible that you could ever condeſcend to accept the addreſſes of a man whoſe father, he himſelf owns, will never ſanction them with his approbation?"——Alas! Agnes could plead no excuſe but that ſhe was in love, and ſhe had too much ſenſe to

urge such a plea to her father—"Believe me," he continued, "I speak thus from the most disinterested consideration of your interest; for, painful as the idea of parting with you must be to me, I am certain I should not shrink from the bitter trial, whenever my misery would be your happiness (here his voic faltered); but in case I am certain, that by refusing my content to your wishes I ensure your future comfort: and in a cooler moment will be of the same opinion." Agnes shook her head, and turned away in tears. "Nay, hear me, my child," resumed Fitzhenry, "you know I am no tyrant; and if, after time and absence have been tried in order to conquer your unhappy passion, it remain unchanged, then, in defiance of my judgment, I will consent to your marriage with Mr. Clifford, provided his father consent likewise; for, unless he does I never will: and if you have not pride and resolution enough to be the guardian of your own dignity, I must guard it for you; but I am sure there will be no need of my interference; and Agnes Fitzhenry would scorn to be clandestinely the wife of any man."

Agnes thought so too; and Fitzhenry spoke this in so mild and affectionate a manner, and in a tone so expressive of suppressed wretchedness which the bare idea of parting with her had occasioned him, that, for the moment she forgot every thing but her father, and the vast debt of love and gratitude she owed him, and throwing herself into his arms, she protested her entire, nay cheerful, acquiescence in his determination----"Promise me, then" replied Fitzhenry, "that you will never see Mr. Clifford more, if you can avoid it; he has the tongue of Belial, and if——" Here Agnes indignantly interrupted him with reproaches, for supposing her so weak as to be in danger of being seduced into a violation of her duty; and so strong were the terms in which she expressed herself, that her father entreated her pardon for having thought such a promise necessary.

[To be continued]

HUMOROUS CROSS READINGS.

THE gigantic ox will leave town the 16th inst.---charged with dispatches for the French Republic.

The learned pig---would wish a situation in a counting-house or public office.

Corn has risen this last week---about five feet 6 or 8 inches high.

If the thief is taken in this state---he will hear of something much to his advantage.

Two mad dogs, it is said---shook hands and parted very good friends.

This is to give notice, that my wife Jane---will be exchanged for good arable land in this or Delaware state

A dreadful fire broke out---but was retaken and safely lodged in goal.

The Philadelphia and Mail stages---will run a foot race of one mile for 50 dollars.

All Europe has at length---removed to No. 79 South-Street.

Something has lately transpired---and expired in a few minutes after.

Honor and integrity---fancy goods.

A number of the ladies of this city---full length, bronze and gilt figures for parlours.

Came to the plantation of the subscriber, a dark bay gelding---he says his name is Christopher Mertz, and that he came passenger in the ship Neptune from Germany.

ANECDOTE.

"To shame a liar, tell a greater lie!"

SOMETIME ago, a man was observing in company, that, He believed no part of the world was hotter in summer, or colder in winter, than New-York. In the year 1780, said he, it froze so intense, that people walked across the way from New-York to Staten Island, and the ice continued for not only down to Sandy-Hook, but thirty leagues out to sea ----A gentleman present remembered well the circumstance, and that people walked quite from New-York to Bermuda.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE SEASON.

THE wither'd leaves, the fading year,
Tells mortal man the time draws near,
The touch of life must disappear,
When all must sleep in peace;
When rich and poor, mean and the brave,
The monarch and the abject slave,
Come to one end, must have one grave,
And all distinctions cease.

Look back on Spring, with all her charms,
How soon she fled from Summer's arms!
And Summer too, took the alarm,
Autumn has also fled:--
Pale Winter now, with cold embrace,
With giant strides draws on apace,
Locks up the earth, and veils her face,
And nature droops her head.

But transient is this gloomy scene,---
Flo'a again will deck the green,
And smiling May resume her reign,
And Winter disappear:--
But Man, when once his Summer's o'er,
His fleeting sun reach'd Pluto's shore,
Will cross life's equinox no more,
Nor more its pleasures share.

December 29. I. T. B.

ON MISS E**** D-------.

LET coquettes ogle, wink and smile,
And practise all the arts of guile;
All on ALL their smiles bestow,
The clown, the coxcomb, and the beau;
Proffer to all their warmest love,
And yet to all inconstant prove.
Their smiles, alluring, ne'er impart
A solid pleasure to the heart:
Their wily glances ne'er can speak
The charms that deck E****'s cheek,
Where modest worth and youth are join'd,
Bespeak a pure, a tender mind. P. H.

THE UNFORTUNATE MOTHER,

TO HER INFANT AT HER BREAST.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, tho' unwelcome to be born,

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing,
To Heaven, thy mother scarce would dare,
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken prayer.

But, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Tho' long deserted, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days will lov'd and guarded be.

And, lest the injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine, or for my father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect the still.

And, when you rank or wealth a stranger,
Thy life a humble course shall run;
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
Which I too late have learn'd to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd vallies,
Here mayst thou rest in safe content;
For innocence may smile at malice,
And thou, O thou! art innocent.

Here to thine infant wants are given
Shelter, and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure----- but mercy, Heaven!
My tears have dropp'd and mingled there.

ENIGMA

A Symbol of enchantment's power
Two-fifths of human nature's dower,
And flagrant water from a flower,

SCRAP.

Trust not him as a friend who is implacable in revenge.

RULES FOR THE ECONOMY OF MONEY.

In general use.

ALL expensive feelings and sensations to be subdued such as compassion, generosity, patriotism and public spirit.

The money bestowed on books to be saved out of the education of our children; they are therefore to be sent to school where the cheapest bargain can be made for them.

To banish hospitality from our bosoms, and to ask the company of our friends for the sake of pillaging them at play, and in view to the CASH which they in course leave behind them, and which we divide with our associates

To sacrifice comfort to ostentation in every article of life; to go without substantial conveniencies, for the sake of shining superfluities; to be misers at home, that we may look like prodigals in public; and to live like beggars in secret, to glitter like princes abroad.

To abandon all poor relations, and to be charitable only to those who are much richer than ourselves---this is pious usury.

To be loud against the ingratitude of the poor, which we have never experienced; and to reserve our charity for deserving objects, which we are determined never to acknowledge.

To be active and forward in speculative schemes of charity, which we are well assured can never take place; while we are silently raising our rents, to the ruin of distressed families.

To pass by the door of famine with our money glued to our pockets; while, to see a new dancer at the Opera in the evening, we draw our purse-strings as generously as princes,

BEAUTY.

The essential Requisites which at present constitute a Woman of complete and fashionable Beauty, are comprised in the following Articles:

WHITE---Skin, teeth, and hands.
BLACK---Hair, eye-lids, and lashes.
RED---Lips, cheeks, chin, nails, and elbows.
LONG---Teeth, TONGUE, ears, and feet.
SHORT---Body, hair, and arms.
WIDE---Forehead, and separation of the eye-brows.
LOOSE---Fingers, hair, lips, and clothes.
NARROW---Mouth, nostrils, and steps.
SMALL---Head, nose, and shoulders.

A MISER'S LEGACIES.

The following is an exact transcript, of the will of an avaricious wretch, who lately died in Ireland. "I give and bequeath to my sister in-law, Sarah Dennis, four old worsted stockings, which she will find underneath my bed; to my nephew, Charles Macartney, two other pair of stockings lying in the box where I keep my linen; to Lieutenant Johnson, of his Majesty's 5th regiment of foot, my only pair of cotton stockings, and my old scarlet great coat; and to Hannah Bourke, my house-keeper, in return for her long and faithful services my crack'd earthen pitcher." Hannah, in anger, told the other legatees, that she resigned to them her valuable share of property; and then retired In equal rage, Charles kicked down the pitcher, and, as it broke, a multitude of guineas, burst out, and rolled along the floor. This fortunate discovery induced those present to examine the stockings, which, to their joy were crammed with money.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Earl of S****, a few years ago, kept an Irish footman. My Lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain Judge, the Judge, in return sent him half a dozen live partridges, with a letter. The partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's head, as he was carrying it home, he sat down the basket and opened the lid of it to quiet them; upon which they all flew away.---"Oh! the devil burn you, (says he) I'm glad you are all gone." When he came home, and his Lordship had read the letter ---"Why Teague, (said he) I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter." "Now arrah, dear honey, (said Teague) I am glad you found them in the LETTER, for they all flew out of the BASKET"

On a Gentleman's marrying a Miss Rob.

THE wedded state has oft been styl'd
The scourge of joys, 'tis odd,
Its chast'ning hand tho' Damon knew,
He, bending, kiss'd the ROD.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON THE NEW-YEAR.

LO! from the east, fol's radiant beams appear,
And smile propitious, on this new-born year;
Each dated season, which revolves around
Demands anew, our gratitude to sound;
And witnesses kind Heav'n's benignant plan;
Whose boundless mercies, rest on fallen man
What tho' gay nature ceases now to bloom,
And dreary winter yields no sweet perfume;
What tho' the gardens have their beauty lost,
And fields, and meadows, are all chill'd by frost;
Altho' the trees stand naked, unadorn'd,
Stript of their verdure, destitute, forlorn;
Yet still for me, each season has its charms,
And winter's piercing cold has no alarms.
Peaceful within I sit around the fire,
And read those pages which I most admire;
There wrapt in thought! the contemplative mind
Soars back to a ges---scorns to be confin'd;
Marks well the progress of each varying year,
Pleas'd with those happier prospects which appear.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

SWEET is the smile that nature shews
When Spring unfolds the leaf,
Grateful, the ruddy apple glows,
And laughs the golden sheaf:

Streams from the mountain-tops decline,
The meads below to cheer;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, all combine
To vivify the year;

Now Winter takes her annual round,
By night the stream she walks,
With iron-hand fell locks the ground,
And o'er the ocean stalks.

Remembrance she cannot congeal,
Nor expectation check;
Delights of Summer still we feel,
'Mid Nature's seeming wreck:

Thus, conscious of the power that notes,
The Sparrow of its fall,
Man every hymn of praise devotes
To God who nurtures all.

Hence man, the priest of nature, brings
The firstlings of his flock,
Thro' him the whole creation sings,
The God that melts the rock.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

PREDICTIONS FOR 1802.

1. FOR several mornings the sun will rise before some people leave their beds, perhaps this may be the case a number of days.

2. Ladies' hats will undergo many alterations this year; the same will probably happen to their other apparel.

3. The dress of the gentlemen will also suffer an important change---symptoms of which already appear in the cape of the coat.

4. Many old maids will sigh in vain for the joys of matrimony; and the hopes of several young ones will also be disappointed.

5. Old batchelors will not lay aside ALL their whimsical notions this season.

6. On the fourth of July more brandy, wine, punch, &c. will be drank than will be necessary to keep men sober.

7. Some persons will spend more money foolishly (if not wickedly) than would support them genteelly.

8. Many debts will be contracted this year which will not be paid the next.

9. Some young ladies will prove coquettish, and many young gentlemen prove deceitful, I GUESS.

ANECDOTE.

DUELLING is one of the few evils which may be supposed to increase at the close of a war. Men who are in earnest may not easily get out of the habit of fighting. About a century ago, when the King of *France* published an edict against duelling, one of his officers exclaimed---"Mighty fine! the King has put down Gaming and Stage-Playing, and now he wants to put down Duelling. How does he think gentlemen are to divert themselves?"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1802.

On Monday night a negro man was murdered in a house occupied by blacks, in Gold-street, near the foot of Ann-street. It appears that the deceased was a boarder in the house; and a quarrel arising between him and his landlord, (a black) they came to blows, which continued for some time, when the latter ended the contest by grasping the deceased violently by the throat, and holding him till he was strangled. A Coroner's inquest was held on the body, who returned a verdict of MURDER! The fellow is committed for trial.

A letter from Halifax, (N. S.) of the 8th of December, mentions the loss of a brig, the property of Mr. Lang of that place, bound to St. Johns. The vessel caught fire at sea, 28 persons who were on board took to the boat, and after being eight days out five only survived. A woman and three children perished. The mate fell a victim for their subsistence.

On Wednesday arrived the brig Luna, in 93 days from Amsterdam. She touched at Portsmouth, (Eng.) and sailed from thence on the 4th of November. The London papers received by her are no later than the 30th of October; they are barren of interesting matter. In the paper of the 30th, some debates in Parliament are given---but the grand debate on the subject of Peace, was not to take place till the 3d of November.

The work of Peace is actively pursued in the Batavian republic, and the beneficial consequences of the Preliminaries have been more immediately felt there than in France from the resumption of the fisheries. A long proclamation to the Batavian people, announce, the acceptance of the new constitution.

The First consul of France has given orders for 500 light-horse to escort the Marquis Cornwallis to Paris.

It is said, that at the Congress at Amiens, plenipotentiaries will attend from England, France, Spain, Russia, the Ottoman Porte, and the Batavian Republic.

The Consuls of the French Republic, upon the report of the minister of war, have decreed, that the artillery, the fortifications of the places of War, on all the frontiers of the Republic, shall be put upon the peace establishment.

Capt Jesse Weatherby, who arrived at Charleston on the 7th inst. from St. Augustine, informs, that the snow Eliza Falkland, of and for Baltimore, which he lately commanded, was driven on shore and totally lost, the 22nd of October, about 15 leagues to the northward of Cape-Florida, 18 days out. The crew and passengers were all saved, but for nearly a month were distressed in the greatest degree with fatigue and hunger.

A few weeks ago, there was committed to the Penitentiary of Richmond, (Virg.) an old man of eighty six years of age. He is sentenced to an imprisonment of two years. His crime, is horse stealing---His infirmities are so great that he cannot be expected to survive till the expiration of his confinement. He cannot walk up and down the stairs of the house without help. Such is the maturity of this man's description, that it is hardly conceivable what kind of horse he was capable of stealing. He will, in all probability, perish in his cell, in the course of this winter, unless he shall be indulged with a relaxation of his punishment. Virginian Argus.

The Vermont Legislature have passed a law, inflicting the punishment of death on DUELLISTS.

NEW-BEDFORD, Dec. 18.

The ship Active, Waterman, of this port, sailed from New-York, for Gaudaloupe, a few weeks past; having as passengers, about eighty of the former inhabitants of that Island. By the following extract of a letter from Capt. Waterman, to one of his friends, it appears, that notwithstanding the late change there, they met with a favorable reception:---

Point-Petre, Gaudaloupe, Nov. 27, 1801.

"I embrace the first opportunity to acquaint you of my safe arrival, and to my great astonishment found the Island in the hands of the colored people: the revolution took place three days previous to our arrival: no blood was shed; they arrested the former Governor, and sent him off the Island. I was honored with a visit from the mulatto governor, to welcome his countrymen home; he promised them his protection, and the restoration of their former property. The American flag is here treated with great respect."

COURT of HYMEN.

THOUGH von poor orb no warmth bestow,
And storms united meet,
The flame of love and friendship glows
With undiminish'd heat.

MARRIED.

At Philadelphia, Mr. JOHN M. BRADFORD, merchant, of this city, to Miss ABIGAIL FIELD.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr Pilmore, Mr. ELIAS W. NEXSEN, to Miss FRANCES WILKIE, daughter of Mr Edward Wilkie, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Dickey, Mr. CHARLES WHITLOW, to Miss ELIZABETH ADGER, both of this city,

On Wednesday evening last, at Newtown (Long Island,) by the Rev. Nathan Woodhull, Mr ABRAHAM REMSEN, to Miss HANNAH BURROWS, both of that place.

LONGEVITY.

There now lives in one of the provincial towns of France, a man aged 108, who possesses, to appearance, all the marks of the health and vigor of youth. He has all his teeth entire, and his hair is as black as at any former period of his life. His manner of living has in it only this peculiarity, that at all his meals he uses no other food but bread, which has been previously steeped in wine, all of which is of his own cultivation and manufacture.

Died suddenly, aged 103, Mr. Joshua Dixon, of Downton. By his two wives he had a numerous family; his eldest daughter, now living, is upwards of 70 years of age, and his youngest child only 18. He was a remarkably free liver, and, from his own account, had drank in the course of his life, upwards of 2000 gallons of brandy, besides other liquors; he enjoyed his faculties to the last.

To-morrow afternoon at half past two o'clock a CHARITY SERMON will be preached at the METHODIST-CHURCH in Second-street, Bowery, and a collection made for the use of the Free-School.

NEW NOVEL.

Proposals are received at this Office, for printing by subscription, an entire new work,

THE LIFE OF JASON FAIRBANKS,
A Novel,
By a Gentleman of Massachusetts.

The work is now in the press, and will be completed in a few weeks.

THEATRE.

This evening will be presented, the celebrated Tragedy of

Pizarro in Peru,

Or, The Death of Rolla.

To which will be added, a new Pantomime, called,

New-Year's Gig,

Or Harlequin's Frolicks.

MECHANIC SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY.

THE Anniversary meeting of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the City of New-York, for the election of their officers for the ensuing year, will be held on Tuesday morning next, the 5th inst. at the house of Elias Hatfield, corner of John and Nassau Streets; where the members are particularly requested to be punctual in their attendance at 9 o'clock.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Sec'y

The Society will dine at 3 o'clock, precisely; Tickets for admission, may be had on application, to Brother Hatfield, or to either of the following Stewards.

Geo. J. Warner,	Sam. Delamater,
Wm. A Davis,	Geo. Knox,
John Slidell, Jun.	and
Wm. G. Miller,	Alex. Campbell,

New-York, Jan. 2d, 1802.

TICKETS
IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY,
Sold by John Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT OF APOLLO.

ODE TO WINTER.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Author of "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

WHEN firſt the fiery-mantled Sun
His heav'nly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four (the Seaſons) flew;
Firſt in green apparel dancing,
Smil'd the SPRING with angel face,
Roſy SUMMER next advancing,
Ruſh'd into her ſire's embrace---
Her bright-hair'd ſire, who bade her keep,
For ever neareſt to his ſmiles---
On Calpe's olive-ſhaded ſteep,
Or India's citron-cover'd Iſles,
More remote and buxom brown,
The Queen of Vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe ſheaf bound her zone.

But howling WINTER fled afar,
To hills that prop the Polar ſtar,
And loves on deer-born car to ride,
With barren darkneſs by his ſide,
Round the ſhore where loud Lofoden,
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where runic Odin,
Howls his war-ſong to the gale;
Save when down the ravag'd globe,
He travels on his native ſtorm,
Deflow'ring nature's graſſy robe,
And trampling on her faded form;
'Till light's returning Lord aſſume
The ſhaft that drives him to his northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume,
And chryſtal-cover'd ſhield!

O, ſire of ſtorms! whoſe ſavage ear,
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-ſhot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity---
Archangel power of deſolation,
Faſt deſcending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation,
Spells to touch thy ſtony heart!
Then, fullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wand'rer's boſom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear,
To ſhivering want's unmantled bed,
Thy horror-breathing agues ceaſe to lend;
And mildly on the Orphan head,
Of innocence deſcend!

But chiefly ſpare, O, King of Clouds!
The ſailor on his airy ſhrouds---
When wrecks and beacons ſtrew the ſteep,
And ſpectres walk along the deep:
Milder yet thy ſnowy breezes,
Breathe on yonder tented ſhores,
Where the Rhine's bright billow freezes,
Where the dark-brown Danube roars!
Oh! winds of Winter, liſt ye there,
To many a deep and dying groan!
Or ſtart, ye Demons of the midnight air,
At ſhrieks and thunders louder than your own!
Alas! e'en your unhallow'd breath,
May ſpare the victim fallen low:
But man will aſk no truce to death,
No bound to human wo!

EPITAPH.

A GLUTTON renown'd
Lies under this ground,
Who forever to EATING was prone:
Before his laſt breath,
He'd e'en have eat Death,
But there he found nothing but BONE.

ANECDOTE.

A Finiſhed coquette, at a ball, aſked a gentleman near her, while ſhe adjuſted her tucker, whether he could FLIRT A FAN, which ſhe held in her hand. "No, madam," anſwered he, proceeding to uſe it, "but I can FAN A FLIRT."

MORALIST.

HUMANITY is an humble ſenſe of our own impotence and frailty, ſuggeſted by the miſfortunes of another; it is a prudent foreſight of the diſaſters which may happen to ourſelves, which induce us to aſſiſt others, that they may be willing to return the favor to us on a ſimilar occaſion. It is certainly juſt that we ſhould have a ſuperior degree of tenderneſs for a father, a wife, a child or a friend; but there is a ſort of affection we owe to all mankind.---as being members of one common family, of which the Deity is the great Creator, and Father!

Pity, compaſſion, and forgiveneſs, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the dictates of prudence and ſelf-preſervation, are due to our bittereſt enemies. We muſt in no caſe ſhew that ſeverity to another, which we ſhould deem unjuſt if practiſed againſt ourſelves in a ſimilar ſituation; this is a rule which determines what kind of treatment is forbidden by nature, in reſpect to the reſt of mankind; and every thing, which if done to ourſelves would appear oppreſſive and cruel, is compriſed in this benevolent maxim. The greateſt men in all ages and nations, have been diſtinguiſhed for the humanity of their temper, and the benevolence of their actions.

EVENING TUITION.

MR. DUPORT preſents his reſpects to the young Gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his EVENING SCHOOL, was opened on Tueſday the 24th inſt. at the OLD ASSEMBLY ROOM, William ſtreet. The ſubſcription is now open at Mr. Duports houſe, No. 78 Courtlandt ſtreet. Mr. D. requeſts thoſe Gentlemen who intend honoring him with their attendance, to apply as ſoon as poſſible.

Nov. 28,

New Novels,

For ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THREE SPANIARDS,
A ROMANCE,
By GEORGE WALKER.

NOCTURNAL VISIT,
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

THE MONK.
A Romance----By M. G. LEWIS, Eſq.

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

JACK SMITH,
OR THE CASTLE OF St. DONATS.

TALE OF THE TIMES,
By the author of "A Goſſip's Story."

THE BEGGAR GIRL,
AND HER BENEFACTORS.
By Mrs. Bennet,

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE:
A Tale of Truth.----By Mrs. ROWSON.

EDGAR HUNTLY,
Or, Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker.

ILDIGERTE,
QUEEN OF NORWAY.
Tranſlated from the German of Kotzebue.

DE VALCOURT,
By Mrs. Bennet.

SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE,
A Romance.

MAID OF THE HAMLET,
By Regina M. Roche.

FATE OF SEDLEY,
In two volumes.

Shortly will be publiſhed, an Original Novel.

Propoſals (by Iſaac N. Ralſton,) for publiſhing by ſubſcription, an original Novel, to be entitled,

MONIMIA,
OR THE BEGGAR GIRL.
WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Part of which has appeared in the Lady's Monitor.

Of the work in contemplation, and which is now offered for public patronage, enough has already been publiſhed, in periodical numbers, to give an idea of it. This promiſe, however, ſhall accompany theſe propoſals, that the errors which have made their appearance in the compoſition, and which were, in ſome meaſure, owing to the haſte in which it was written, ſhall be carefully corrected, and every unimportant article particularly omitted.

CONDITIONS,

1 It is expected that this work will be compriſed in one volume, of about 330 or 340 pages, duodecimo.

2. It will be printed on a neat type, and good paper, and be delivered to ſubſcribers, handſomely bound and lettered, at one dollar, payable on delivery.

3 The work will be put to preſs immediately, and be continued with all poſſible exertion, till it is publiſhed.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,
The Genuine French Almond Paſte,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy---this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-ſtreet New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powders, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars. Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoiſe ſhell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

J. TICE,
Perfumer and Ornamental Hair Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-ſtreet, next door to Mr. Robertſon's Carpet Store ---where he has for ſale an elegant aſſortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillets, of various colors, and of the moſt recent faſhions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general aſſortment of PERFUMERY, of the firſt quality, &c. &c.

He has alſo for ſale---A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and ſhoes, which is an excellent preſervation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even ſoil the whiteſt ſilk. Black morocco that is become ruſty, by the uſe of this Blacking, will look equal to new.---To be had only at the above ſtore. Nov. 14.

Quilted Silk Coats,
Made and for ſale by WILL. WEYMAN,
No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has juſt completed a great aſſortment, which conſiſts of the moſt prevailing colours, neweſt faſhions, and of different qualities.

A few ſent for trial if requeſted. Coats made to particular directions with care. October 31. 79 3m

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE partnerſhip of E and R JOHNSTON is this day diſſolved by mutual conſent.

Nov. 12, 1801. RICHARD JOHNSTON.

The buſineſs is ſtill carried on by E JOHNSTON, Book-Binder and Stationer, No. 385 Pearl-ſtreet, oppoſite Rutger's-ſtreet, New-York. 6w

November 28. ELKANAH JOHNSTON.

STAMPED PAPER,
Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Printed and publiſhed by J. HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.
[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]